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**BRIAN PULIDO'S**

# Lady Death

**A MEDIEVAL TALE**



**Brian Pulido**

**Ivan Reis**

**Marc Campos**

**Chris Blythe**





Char



Tvarus



Lady Death



Wolf

## THUS FAR IN LADY DEATH

Amidst a harrowing battle between warrior knights and the otherworldly Eldritch, a child is conceived. Blood of both clans, she belongs to neither. Years later the child, Hope, is reborn as Lady Death.

Hope seeks vengeance against the villagers who killed her mother, but the confrontation goes badly. Wolfram von Bach, a warrior knight, comes to her rescue. He aids her in the proper burial of her mother and witnesses Hope manifesting Marion's image on a gravestone. Wolf trains her in the warrior arts and forges a sword for her from Eldritch and Human weapons.

The Greedum accost Hope. She defeats them and they dub her "Lady Death." During the skirmish, a journeyman discovers and brings news of her presence to a battalion of knights who vow to pursue the Eldritch witch.



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SHE HAS  
THE TOUCH  
OF *DEATH*,  
I SAY.

NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING  
LIKE HER.

SHE  
HUMAN? SHE  
ELDRITCH?




THOUGH THE PALE ONE WE CALL  
*LADY DEATH* BESTED US THIS  
EVENING, AND DENIED US HER  
LOVELY, LOVELY JEWELS, WE  
GRELUM, MASTERS OF TRADE  
AND COMMERCE, LIVE TO  
FIGHT AGAIN!

THIS WAS A  
STUPID, STUPID  
IDEA.

WHOSE  
IDEA WAS  
IT?

CHAR.

COWARDS.



YOU WIN A  
FEW, YOU LOSE  
A FEW.

SOMETIMES  
YOU RETURN TO  
THE UNDERLANDS  
EMPTY-HANDED.

BUT *WE*  
RETURN WITH RICH  
TALES TO TELL!





...AND THEN A HUMAN KNIGHT BESTOWED UPON HER A MIGHTY SWORD. WHEN SHE TOUCHED THAT SWORD THERE WAS A MAGICAL GLOW UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE SEEN. IT WAS AS IF THE TWO BECAME ONE.

FROM THERE, WE HAD LITTLE CHANCE, EH, BROTHERS?

NO CHANCE.

UNHOLY.

LITTLE CHANCE.

HOPELESS.

SHE WAS BERSERKER.

FIERCE.

THE WOMAN. SHE WAS NEITHER HUMAN NOR ELDRITCH, YET SHE POSSESSED QUALITIES OF BOTH, MASTER GING.

TELL ME MORE, CHAR.

THE SWORD. SHE HELD A SWORD OF IRON.

SHE HELD IRON? MOST INTERESTING.

AND STRONG! STRONGER THAN ANY ELDRITCH I'VE SEEN.

PERHAPS THE HUNT WAS NOT A WASTE AFTER ALL.

THIS INFORMATION COULD GAIN US FAVOR IN THE HOUSE OF THORM GARA, AND LOVELY, LOVELY JEWELS.

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING!

YOU MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. BRING LATTAR.

LATTAR? OH MUD!



ME IS NOT COMFORTABLE, MISTER CHAR.

PIPE DOWN, LATTAR!



ME FATHER MASTER GING WON'T LIKE YOU TALK LIKE THAT, MISTER CHAR.

I'D RATHER BE SENTENCED TO A WELF HOLE FOR ETERNITY THAN HEAR MORE. SPARE ME.









...A FESTIVAL IS  
IN PROGRESS!

FESTIVAL?

ELDRITCH  
HAVE THEM EVERY  
TWILIGHT, WHICH  
MEANS NIGHTLY.

OH AND THAT  
WINGED XIXIE  
YOU'RE SHOOING?  
WATCH IT. IT'S  
CARNIVOROUS.

ALL  
THESE MAGICAL  
CREATURES--

--AREN'T  
TO BE TRUSTED  
ONE BIT.

TAKE THE FAT  
WELF GUARD ON THE  
HILL TO MY LEFT. THEY  
COMMAND PRISONS WHERE  
TIME PASSES FAST, SLOW,  
OR SIDWAYS. REMEMBER  
**NEVER** TO BREAK  
LAWS HERE.

WHAT  
LAWS?

WHO  
KNOWS? THEY  
CHANGE ON  
A WHIM.

SEE THE  
TALL, SKINNY  
GUYS PLAYING THE  
HORNS? **ASPARAS**.  
THEY ARE BRED BY  
ELDRITCH TO MAKE  
MUSIC. HANDY  
WITH A BLADE  
TOO, I HEAR.

HOW  
ABOUT THE LITTLE  
CREATURES--

--BY THE  
ELDRITCH'S SIDE?  
NOBLICTS. SLAVES  
TO THE NOBLES.  
THEY RELEASE A  
NASTY GAS WHEN  
THREATENED.

AND THEN  
THERE'S THE ELDRITCH  
THEMSELVES. BEAUTIFUL,  
AREN'T THEY?

BEAUTIFUL?  
THEY'RE  
HIDEOUS!

I KNOW, BUT  
KEEP IT DOWN.  
THE GRASS HAS  
EARS HERE.





LORD TVARUS AND LADY OBSIDIA, MAY I ASK TO DANCE WITH YOUR LOVELY DAUGHTER, CAPRICE?

HAVE YOU COMPLETED THE FIVE CYCLES OF LUNAR ENCHANTMENTS, TARAN ELGE?

I WAS FIRST IN MY GUILD, SIRE.

YOU HAVE MY BLESSING, BUT ASK CAPRICE. SHE IS OF COURTING AGE AND KNOWN TO MAKE HER OWN DECISIONS.

...FATHER, WHY DO YOU TORTURE POOR TARAN WITH THESE ABSURD RITUALS?

OUR SUBJECTS DEMAND RITUALS. THE PEACE OF THE KINGDOM DEPENDS ON THE MAINTENANCE OF ORDER.



LET ME PASS. I AM CHAR OF THE YOUNG VILLAGE GREELUM.

BUT YOUR ODOR IS MOST FOUL. YOU STINK LIKE A HUMAN.

REMOVE YOURSELF.



YOU SHOULD HEED MY GUARDS, GREELUM.

IT IS UNWISE TO DISTURB OUR FESTIVITIES.

I HAVE CAUSE, LORD GARA. I'VE BEEN SENT BY MASTER GING.





A NEW CREATURE HAS APPEARED IN THE YOUNG VILLAGE. SHE IS BOTH HUMAN AND ELDRITCH.



HMMM. TELL ME MORE.

SHE'S POWERFUL, LIKE A HUMAN, I VENTURE TO SAY SHE HAS A SOUL.



I SAW HER HANDLE IRON WITH MY OWN EYES.

BURP!



FATHER? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

GO DANCE, DARLING.



TVARUS, I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU. ALONE.

INDEED.

MOVE, YA HALF-WIT. WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR. JEWELS, PRETTY, PRETTY JEWELS.



A THOUSAND THANKS, LORD GARA.



...AND SHE IS HALF HUMAN AND HALF ELDRITCH. WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?

IT IS NOT YOUR PLACE TO QUESTION ME, THORM. THOUGH WE ARE BROTHERS, I AM YOUR RULER.

I AM SIMPLY AWARE OF YOUR... PREDILECTION TOWARDS THE FEMININE INHABITANTS OF THE HUMAN NATIONS. THAT NIGHT IN NOVGOROD...



WHAT OF IT?

RESULTS OF THAT NIGHT... BEAR INVESTIGATION.



NO,  
BROTHER--

--THE  
MATTER IS CLOSED.  
THERE WILL BE NO  
INVESTIGATION.

YOU  
INSULT  
ME.

YOUR  
ANGER GETS  
THE BETTER  
OF YOU,  
THORM.

ARE YOU BLIND?  
THE YOUNG VILLAGE  
SWIFTLY ENCROACHES  
ON OUR REALM. THE  
HUMANS MULTIPLY  
LIKE ANTS!

IF THIS  
RUMORED  
HYBRID EXISTS,  
WE MUST KNOW  
WHERE SHE  
STANDS.

WITH US,  
OR AGAINST  
US.

THORM,  
THERE ARE  
OTHER MATTERS  
TO ATTEND TO, LIKE  
THIS EVENING'S  
CELEBRATION  
OF LIGHT.

PICK A  
WOMAN OR  
TWO.

LET THEM  
SHOW YOU  
DELIGHTS.

THE  
NOBLES ARE  
WHISPERING, TVARUS.  
THEY QUESTION YOUR  
RULE. THEY WANT TO  
ELIMINATE THE HUMANS,  
BUT YOU IGNORE THE  
WILL OF YOUR  
PEOPLE.

AS LONG AS I  
RULE, THE REALM MOVES  
AT MY WHIM. DO NOT  
FORGET THAT, THORM.

THEN  
PERHAPS IT  
IS TIME FOR  
A CHANGE,  
BROTHER.





WHAT DID THORM WANT, TVARUS?

NOTHING IMPORTANT, OBSIDIA. HE SIMPLY CONTINUES HIS OBSESSION WITH THE HUMANS.

I CAN'T BLAME HIM. IT COMES DOWN TO THEM OR US; YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU? THEY ARE DIRTY, FILTHY CREATURES.

THEY WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL THEY STORM AGLAROND.

THERE ARE LOFTIER PURSUITS WORTHY OF OUR ATTENTION.

TVARUS, THE NOBLES LOOK TO YOU FOR LEADERSHIP. SHOW SOME.

I SAY SOME LOVEMAKING IS IN ORDER.

YOU ARE A CUNNING ONE. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT--

"PERHAPS ANOTHER HUNTING PARTY IS IN ORDER?"



"--YOU'RE FORTUNATE  
YOU'RE AS ENTICING  
AS YOU ARE SLY."








A SIMPLE  
FERRETING SPELL  
DISCLOSED HER  
LOCATION.

A  
CHURCH OF  
MAN?

BUT IT  
IS SAID WE  
WILL BURN TO  
CINDERS IF WE  
ENTER SUCH  
A PLACE...



DEVILS, THEY CALL US.  
I WONDER... WHERE  
LIES THE TRUTH?

ASTRAGALUS,  
LORD OF CHAOS, GIVE  
ME STRENGTH TO WALK  
THESE HALLS SO I MAY  
DO WHAT MUST BE  
DONE.



HMMMM.



TVARUS?

WHAT  
STIRS YOU  
FROM MY BED,  
MY LORD?

WHAT  
KEEPS YOU  
FROM MY  
SIDE?

THE  
DIVINATORY  
BRINGS YOU  
CLOSE TO SIGHT,  
MY DEAR.

A HUMAN  
CHURCH...  
WHY DARE STEP  
FOOT IN SUCH  
A PLACE?





IT  
CANNOT  
BE.  
  
SHE  
LIVES.



MY  
DAUGHTER  
LIVES.



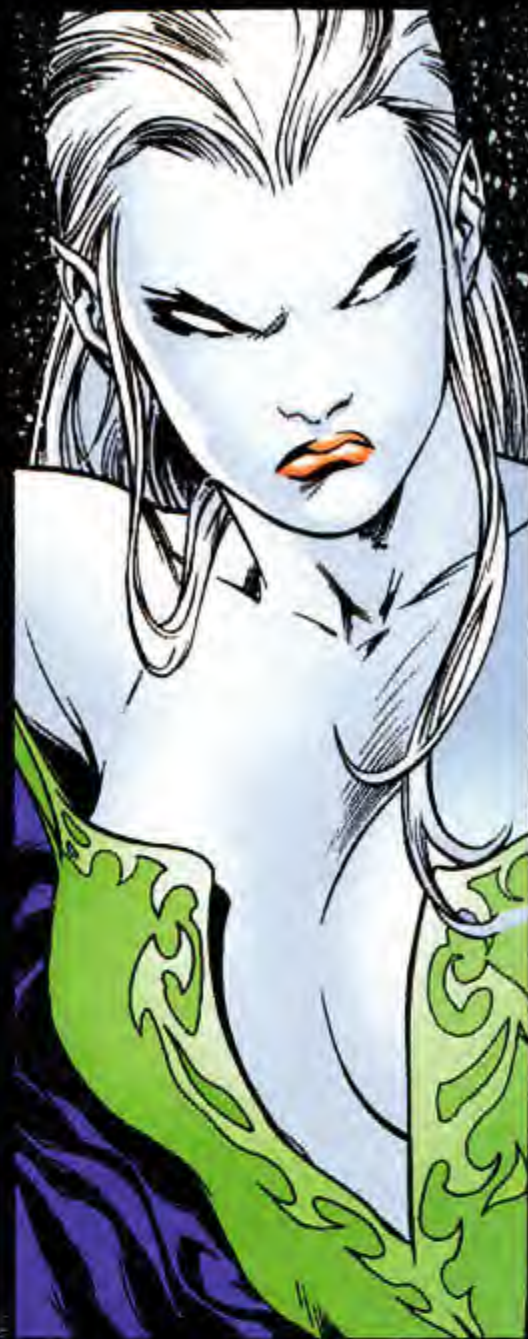
DAUGHTER?

I'VE KNOWN OF  
YOUR WANDERINGS,  
BUT WITH A HUMAN?  
DISGUSTING.

YES,  
DO WHAT'S  
RIGHT.

WIPE  
THAT **BLIGHT**  
FROM LIFE!









WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY DEAR? I'M LONELY WITHOUT THE COOL OF YOUR FINGERS TO CHILL ME.

I WAS PAYING MY RESPECTS TO A FRIEND.

IS THAT ALL?

YES, THAT IS ALL.



WHAT'S *THIS*? ANOTHER WEAPON?



BUT WOLF COULD NOT HAVE MADE THIS DELICATE A BLADE.

COULD HE?



WOLF?

WOLF, WHERE ARE YOU?





WOLF!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEE--

WAIT, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE HORSE.



THERE'S THE WITCH!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

WHERE IS WOLF?

WHO?



WOLFRAM VON BACH. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?

HOW DO YOU -- SHOW YOUR FACE! IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

WHO ASKS THIS OF ME?



WE ARE THE **BROTHERS OF THE SWORD**. WE ARE HERE UNDER ORDERS FROM ARCHBISHOP HELMUT VON KRAKHauer.

NOW, REMOVE THE HOOD. I ORDER YOU!





YOU ORDER ME? THINK AGAIN.

HER FACE! IT'S TRUE--SHE'S NOT HUMAN.



HEED ME, WOMAN! YOU WILL FACE INQUISITION TO DETERMINE IF YOU ARE HUMAN OR ELDRITCH.

AND IF I REFUSE?

YOU MUST BE PUT TO DEATH.

NOW THEN...



...LET US SEE IF YOU CAN BEAR THE TOUCH OF IRON.



SCHLICK

ALL RIGHT.

I'LL PLAY ALONG WITH YOUR LITTLE GAME.



IT CAN'T BE!









I DO  
MORE THAN  
HOLD IT.



I PRAY  
TO IT.



I  
WORSHIP  
AS YOU  
WORSHIP.

DOES THAT  
ANSWER YOUR  
QUESTION?





WHEN YOU DEFY ME, YOU MOCK THE ARCHBISHOP, AND THE POPE!

YOU SHOW CONTEMPT FOR THE CHURCH ITSELF!

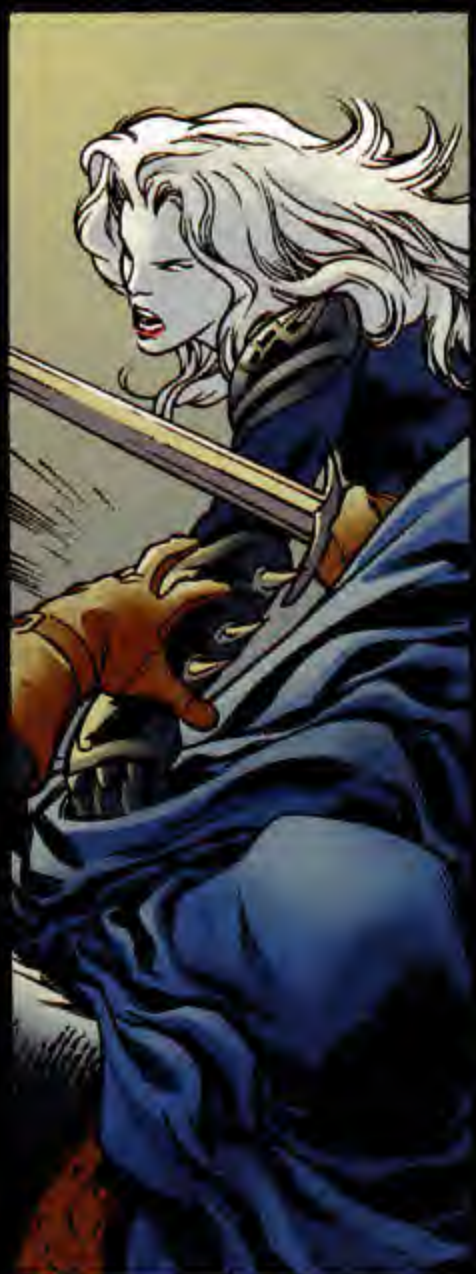
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KNOW WOLFRAM VON BACH, BUT WE WILL NOT STAND FOR MOCKERY!

**ATTACK!**



FOOLS! IT IS YOU WHO MOCK ME!

BRAVE WORDS. WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?



I MUST REMEMBER WHAT WOLF TOLD ME.



USE THE OPPONENT'S FORCE AGAINST HIM.

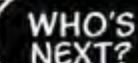
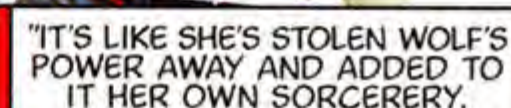
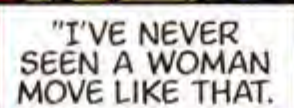
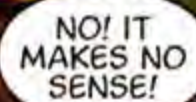


OBSERVE, LISTEN...



...AND ACT.







MOVE  
AND YOU'RE  
DEAD.

NOW TELL  
ME, WHERE  
IS WOLFRAM  
VON BACH?

WHERE IS MY  
**BROTHER?!**





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